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VOLUME XI

PITTSBURGH, PA., APRIL 1937

NUMBER 1



THE BARREN GROUNDS CARIBOU GROUP

NEW GROUP MOUNTED BY R. H. SANTENS
HALL OF MAMMALS, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

(See Page 7)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XI NUMBER 1
APRIL 1937

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.

—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

—3D—

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The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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BON JOUR, SENATOR GLASS!

It is always a refreshing thing in the life of our Republic when any man in the public service rises above the horizon of party politics and enters into the pure stratosphere of statesmanship. This is what Carter Glass did the other evening when he interposed the weight of his mind and the influence of his character against President Roosevelt's "frightful proposition" of packing the Supreme Court. The radio speech which Senator Glass delivered on that subject held many millions of his listeners in spellbound admiration and approval. He showed our people that where freedom of speech prevails, as it still does in America, it is wholly within the bounds of good citizenship to discuss and censure the policy of a President as it is to discuss and censure the policy of a candidate for that office. Senator Glass, the illustrious Nestor of the Senate, is in the full flower of his intellect, and his patriotism was splendidly illuminated by the courage with which he spoke his brilliant mind and the logic in which he dressed his eloquent argument. There is hope for democracy here in almost its last stronghold when Senator Glass makes this revelation that conscience is more than party, and that principle cannot be sacrificed even at a President's command.

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

February 24, 1937

DEAR CARNEGIE:

Some time ago I took occasion to approve of one of your editorials. May I now assume the less pleasant function of disapproving.

It seems to me that the final paragraph of your editorial "Altering the Government," reading: "If they fail, the 17,000,000 Americans who voted for Governor Landon should prepare to go into concentration camps by next October" is a serious affront to many of our sincere Americans. There are many of our fellow citizens today who quite honestly believe that the present setup of the Supreme Court is most unfortunate and that a modification is called for. To imply that these citizens are of the kind who would use concentration camps to carry out their will is a gratuitous insult. Also, may I suggest that the slur upon our President is likewise uncalled for.

It seems to me that in times like these, we should hold our tempers and give away rather than our best thinking. The matters involved are open to sincere difference of opinion, and it ill befits any of us to treat a view or the holders of a view with contempt merely because we think otherwise.

—H. A. OVERSTREET

This was the reply:

Oh, that philosophers could but be born with a sense of humor!

The concluding paragraph in the editorial in the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for February that if President Roosevelt is allowed to pack the Supreme Court "the 17,000,000 Americans who voted for Governor Landon should prepare to go into concentration camps by next October," was meant

(Continued on page 23)

TENTH ANNIVERSARY

A Preview of the Annual High School Arts and Crafts Exhibition

BY GLADYS L. SCHMITT

Scholastic Magazine

[Gladys L. Schmitt was born in Pittsburgh twenty-seven years ago and has lived here all her life. She took her Bachelor's Degree and one year of Master's work in English at the University of Pittsburgh and for the last three and one half years has been working on the staff of the Scholastic Magazine. In 1927 she became acquainted with the editorial staff of that Magazine through winning a prize in the poetry division of Scholastic awards. Since that time she has published verse in Poetry, Manuscript, Scholastic, and a few of the small magazines. She has written a number of short stories, and her prose has appeared in Atlantic Monthly, Story, Manuscript, and Household. At present, when she is not busy in the Pittsburgh offices of the Scholastic, she is engaged in writing a long novel.]



ON the evening of March 24, sixty-five people came together in the Hotel Schenley to celebrate a tenth anniversary—that of the Scholastic art exhibit and awards. For ten years the city of Pittsburgh has been watch-

ing the amazing history of creative art in our high schools through the medium of the Annual High School Art Exhibition, sponsored by Scholastic, the American High School Weekly Magazine. And the assembled company was celebrating not only ten years of growth and achievement in the exhibition itself, but also ten years of startling progress in American art education.

From all parts of the country, men whose names are famous in American art education had come together to look at thousands of pieces of student-created art. In and out of the Fine Arts galleries of the Carnegie Institute—rooms crowded with statuettes, jewelry, and pottery; beside walls covered by oil paintings, ink drawings, prints, textiles, pencil sketches, designs for advertising art—the gentlemen of the art jury had been moving and judging all day long. It was the largest jury that had ever assembled for Scholastic

awards. Every artist and educator who had given his services on the jury during the last ten years was urged to be present for the anniversary. The assembly could boast three charter members—Andrey Avinoff, Director of the Carnegie Museum; C. Valentine Kirby, Director of Art Instruction for Pennsylvania; and Royal B. Farnum, Director of Art Instruction for Massachusetts. Other members of the jury—some new and some thoroughly familiar with Scholastic awards—were: Norman Rice, of The Art Institute of Chicago; George S. Dutch, of George Peabody College for Teachers; James C. Boudreau, Director of Pratt Institute; Wilfred A. Radio and Norwood MacGilvary, of the department of painting and de-



SCULPTURE PRIZE
By Alfred Brunettin
Cicero, Illinois



PENCIL DIVISION PRIZE
CCC Camp by Charles White
Englewood, Illinois

sign at the Carnegie Institute of Technology; Will S. Taylor, of Brown University; Ernest Watson, of the Scholastic; Alfred Pelikan, Director of Art in the Milwaukee Schools; and Karl S. Bolander, formerly Director of the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts.

Sculpture and crafts products were judged by Frederick C. Clayter, Frank Aretz, and Charles Bradley Warren. Mechanical drawings were selected by H. M. McCulley and Andrew J. Miller.

Scholarships, cash prizes, and national recognition had been awarded to the most promising of the young artists. By means of small colored tacks—thrust after much consideration and many involved arguments into the margins of the pictures—the will of the jury was made known. And on April 27 some twelve thousand high-school students will look into the pages of the Student Achievement number of the Scholastic, asking each other breathlessly, "Is my name there?"

We find ourselves still wishing—in the tenth year as in the first—that everybody's name could be there. Thousands of pieces never come to the final judging but are eliminated by a preliminary

jury. This year Elmer Stephan, Russell T. Hyde, and Mayna Eastman did the heroic and none-too-exciting work of sifting away the lesser productions. They uttered a significant bit of educational philosophy through Mr. Stephan, who came to the jury dinner carrying a few of the feeblest creations—pathetic shreds of effort from outpost schools that have no art instruction in their curricula. "These drawings," Mr. Stephan said, "are unspeakably bad, but they would never have been done if



SCULPTURE PRIZE
By Peter John Lupori, Pittsburgh

their creators had not had a real urge toward creating art. In every one of these cast-off sketches is a desire and a spark. If only we had art instruction for everyone; if only we had more art departments like that of Cass Technical High School; if only every one of these students who desire to express themselves with pencils and brushes had decent instruction toward such self-expression. . . ." Mr. Stephan hopes—and the Scholastic hopes with him—that the art awards and exhibition may be a force toward making creative art instruction a part of the curriculum in every American high school.

Eighteen scholarships were awarded this year, each providing full tuition to one of the outstanding art schools in

the United States. The one to the Carnegie Institute of Technology was awarded to Kirk Stevenson, who lives in Redwood, California. Although he comes from a school that has no art teacher, his great possibilities were immediately evident to the jury, and Mr. Readio chose him without a moment's hesitation.

During this tenth anniversary celebration, a division of music awards had been introduced for the first time. Dr. Will Earhart, Director of Music in the Pittsburgh schools; M. Claude Rosenberry, Director of Music Instruction for Pennsylvania; and Harvey Gaul, Pittsburgh composer and organist, selected, from hundreds of scores by student composers, twenty-four prize-winning compositions, and discovered at least one young lady who promises to make a name for herself among American composers. Meanwhile, in New York, a large jury of authors and educators has been working night and day to select, from some thousands of manuscripts, the best student-written poems, short stories, essays, and one-act plays. Prizes in these divisions will also be announced in the Scholastic on April 27.



PICTORIAL DIVISION PRIZE

Rhododendron by Francis Danovich, Detroit



COLOR-INK DIVISION PRIZE

I Dreamt of the Deep Woods
By Francis Danovich, Detroit

The Scholastic did not arrange for a foreign exhibit this year and, consequently, offered no prizes in that division. However, through the kindness of Louis C. Celestine, of the Alliance Française, there will be contributions of the adolescent art of France and Belgium, from which work has never before appeared in the exhibition.

On the 27th of April—opening night for the Tenth Annual High School Art Exhibition—three galleries, with at least six hundred pieces of student work, will be opened to the public. Those who have worked in these galleries during the confusion of unpacking, sorting, judging, and hanging, will scarcely believe that they are in the same rooms. Mr. Nash will have made order out of chaos; statuettes and pottery will stand neatly on pedestals and in glass cases; and the chosen pictures will appear in bright, tasteful rows along the walls. The quality of the work is exceptionally high. As Karl Bolander, one of the jury members,

remarked: "The Scholastic exhibition is unusually fine this year. A person can tell that by glancing at the high spots. Every year the student work gets better, more skilled, more professional. But it never loses the freshness and youngness it had in the beginning."

Those who visit the exhibition will say over and over that there is something unbelievable and legendary about the student masterpieces to be found there. Oil paintings that show splendid mastery of a difficult technique, amazing sketches in pencil and ink, illustrations made with consummate skill and vigorous imagination, jewelry that a medieval craftsman might be happy to claim, prints and textile designs that show remarkable versatility, statuettes that tackle large problems and deal with them thoroughly—all these have been gathered from seven hundred competing high schools.

But the show itself is less amazing and moving than its background—a background that the Scholastic

awards people have come to know so well. Ten years of collecting, uncrating, and arranging have not made us cease to wonder at the sheer human energy that throws off, as by-products, the vital works on display at the Carnegie Institute every spring. Courage to see and express the inner self, a clear eye for the world outside, strength to work long hours on a single canvas, vigor to swing the craftsman's hammer and drive the sculptor's chisel—all these lie behind the student creations in the glass cases and along the walls.

Cass Technical High School of Detroit and Norwich Free Academy in Connecticut established brilliant records in the present exhibition. The art departments of these two schools are models of their kind; students working there have the best possible art instruction. Looking at the memorable paintings and drawings, the splendid sculpture, jewelry, and pottery that is being created under ideal circumstances by these young people, one realizes how much can be done through understanding effort.

Last year, when the exhibition closed in Pittsburgh, it traveled in its entirety under the joint auspices of the Scholastic and the American Federation of Arts to such important art centers as The Art Institute of Chicago, The National Gallery of Art at Washington, D. C., and The American Museum of Natural History in New York City. This year, however, its patrons are eager that more places—especially small, outpost ones—may have an opportunity to see the sort of work that is being done in the advanced high-school art departments. So the exhibition will be divided into four parts when it leaves the Carnegie Galleries on May 16 and will visit a number of cities and towns where it would not be seen if traveling in one piece. Thus the Scholastic and the American Federation of Arts hope to make a great number of communities conscious of the broad possibilities in creative art instruction for the adolescent.



TEXTILE PRIZE

By Alfred Clifford, Detroit

THE BARREN GROUNDS CARIBOU GROUP

BY GEORGE MIKSCH SUTTON

Curator of Birds, Cornell University

[Dr. Sutton's life is mostly made up of travel expeditions in search of birds and animals whose habits and habitats are strange to the science of natural history. He has described these findings in previous issues of the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*, and also in his book "Eskimo Year" (Macmillan), and in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* entitled "Quaint Folk, the Eskimos." The new group in the Mammal Hall, which was mounted by R. H. Santens with a background by Ottmar von Fuehrer, will be even more interesting in the light of Dr. Sutton's present story of his experiences.]



It was on August 27, 1929, that my acquaintance with the Barren Grounds caribou began. That day Sam Ford, John Ell, and I were encamped along the southern coast of Southampton Island at a place we had named Four Rivers. Sam was the Hudson's Bay Company's chief trader, in charge of the post at Coral Harbor. John was an Aivilik Eskimo. At Four Rivers there were many streams, all clear, cold, shallow, and with shining gravel bottoms. They flowed this way and that, sometimes running parallel with the shore for a long distance then turning sharply to spill into the bay. Following one of these streams inland, I saw directly ahead of me a line of gray Noovoodlik-hills. Wild country this, with the cries of robber gulls sounding everywhere about me, a honeycombing of lemming burrows at my feet, the stench of the kelp beds in my nostrils whenever wind blew in from the bay.

At the edge of the stream I came suddenly upon the tracks of a large, hoofed mammal. They were broad and deep, and led directly across the stream bed. With them were smaller tracks of the same proportions. A mother Took-too—an Eskimo noun, meaning caribou—and her half-grown calf had gone

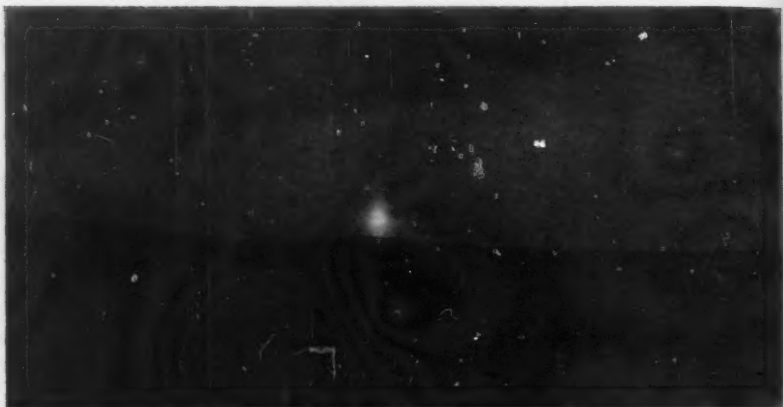
that way an hour or so before. I followed the trail through the wet moss. The animals had moved forward deliberately; here they had stopped to munch at lichen, here to browse willow. Eventually the trail turned northward.

A fox in brown summer coat ran by. A pair of jaegers sped overhead in pursuit of a Lapland longspur. The trumpeting of a pair of little brown cranes drifted across the darkening, barren plain that is characteristic of the northern arctic regions and known to them as a tundra, but still I saw no caribou. Safe in a valley among the Noovoodlik-



MUCKIK AND JOHN ELL AT EAST BAY

These skilled Eskimo hunters are shown here in characteristic winter garb, kooletah of caribou-skin and boots of sealskin.



NOONTIDE AT EAST BAY, SOUTHAMPTON ISLAND

Southampton Island is just south of the Arctic Circle. It is not, therefore, a land of total darkness in the winter. But in November and December the days are very short, the sun mounting but a little way above the horizon.

hills, the mother Tooktoo and her calf would spend the night.

During the following twelve months I was to learn much about the caribou. I was to find at the site of Captain Munn's whaling station the antlered skulls of many a male and female animal that had been killed during the winters of 1916-17 and 1917-18. I was to use a sleeping bag made from the winter hides of the caribou, the deep, amazingly elastic hair turned inside. In November—about Thanksgiving time back home in America—I was to go on a caribou hunt. That hunt at East Bay, that side expedition that meant a habitat group of Barren Grounds caribou for the Carnegie Institute, was one of the grandest experiences of my life.

For it was at East Bay that I learned what it really is to be an Eskimo: what it is to face a world of snow and ice day after day, the air so cold that the open channels of the ocean steam; what it is to build a warm shelter from snow blocks quarried from the drifts with a big pana-knife; what it is to hunt netchek-seals between scenes so that the dogs will have enough food; what it is to live on the treeless tundra with a little store of flour for slapjacks,

a tin of tea, a Primus stove, a Coleman gasoline stove and koodelik seal lamp, three rifles and ammunition, two teams of huskies and two komatik-sledges, sleeping bags and mattresses, the latter of polar bear skin; three men against a frigid, beautiful world that cares not a snow owl's hoot who perishes along the unmarked trails.

East Bay, Fox Channel, Tooktootok Island, a fierce wind from the North, and a thermometer registering forty, fifty, sixty below zero: it was from this world that John Ell, Muckik, and I took the lovely male and female caribou that Mr. Santens and his assistants have mounted for the Carnegie Institute's Mammal Hall. Mr. von Fuehrer's background effectively suggests a cold, forlorn place. But looking at a painting of a fifty-degree-below landscape is one thing, walking through icy air that gnaws at your face is another.

Mr. Santens' group will delight many visitors. Mr. von Fuehrer's background will win deserved praise. But it is I who had the real thrill: it is I who chased those caribou across the frozen plains, taking measurements of the specimens as best I could in a lovely little house made of snow.

THE ETCHINGS OF JOHN SLOAN

In a delightful and instructive book, "Chinese Eye: An Interpretation of Chinese Painting," the author, Chiang Ye, gives his interpretation of the word, "artist." When he first came into contact with Western civilization he was somewhat confused to find that artisans or craftsmen who were ready at all times to sacrifice their personal taste to that of the public were called artists. The term in China is reserved, says Chiang Ye, for those who "are in possession of an absolute idea; unmoved by circumstance or the fashion of the times, they find their work from a living stream of independent thought. No outside force can prevail upon them or alter a style based upon inner conviction." Surely, with this interpretation in mind, John Sloan, among American painters, is entitled to the appellation, "artist." Recently, in the "Art and Artists of Today," in reply to the question as to what his motives and objectives in art are, he confirmed for himself this Chinese conception of the artist. He said:

"So far as my consciousness is concerned my motives in art arise through trying to find my way toward an expression of reality—realness—that which is realized within my own mind.

"For many years past, I have found myself increasingly spurred into creative effort—not by subject matter, not by emotion—by the almost mysterious difference between the visual aspect of the world about us, and the mental concept which constitutes reality for each



JAMES B. MOORE

of us as an individual.

"I believe that the eyes see only color in all its infinite details, and that the mind, through experience basically acquired through the sense of touch, turns this color aspect into things. The artist, therefore, who, broadly or in detail, merely repeats the visual sensation, has not functioned as a creative artist."

John Sloan—always very properly termed a Realist—does not attempt to get away from the world in which he lives. But he does look out on the world in his own individual way and presents it as he sees it with his mind's eye. Pursuing this direction, regardless of the esthetic beliefs of his time or the approval or disapproval of his audience, he has lived to see his work justified, and the many movements in which he pioneered approved by his fellow countrymen.

Since his artistic career may be traced as accurately through his etchings as his paintings, it is appropriate that the Carnegie Institute should present an exhibition of his prints that includes his entire output—exactly 142—in this medium with the exception of two, "George W. Childs," made in 1892, and "Robert Henri," in 1905. The Institute is happy to offer this story of his career as an etcher if for no other reason than its association with his life as an artist. His oil, "Independence Square, Philadelphia," was shown in the 1900 Carnegie International—the first time that a painting by him had been exhibited in an important Amer-



SCULPTURE IN WASHINGTON SQUARE

ican exhibition—and since that time Sloan has been represented in practically every International. In 1905, his painting, "The Coffee Line," was awarded an Honorable Mention.

Born in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, in 1871, Sloan studied art at the evening classes of the Pennsylvania Academy of Design under Thomas P. Anschutz, who had been a pupil and associate of Thomas Eakins. One of the etchings in the exhibition, "Anschutz on Anatomy," is an excellent study of the light effects Sloan achieves in his prints, as well as a sympathetic study of the class at the Pennsylvania Academy. He began his artistic career as an illustrator for the Philadelphia Press. His associates at the time were George Luks, William Glackens, and Everett Shinn—all of whom served an apprenticeship with the same paper—and one of their friends was Robert Henri, at whose studio the group gathered weekly. These were the names of the "Philadelphians," whose work in the early part of the 1900s was commemorated in the recent exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art under the title, "New York Realists"; they were the men who took American art from the sky and made it

come and dwell with the children of men. These, too, were the men who when they moved to New York made it a battleground for their radical ideas, and, in the words of Helen Appleton Read: "enraged a public which had accepted William Dean Howells' dictum that 'the smiling aspects of life were the more American,' by depicting it with the ironic realism of a Daumier or a Lautrec."

John Sloan joined Luks, Glackens, and Henri in New York in 1904, and some of his best paintings and prints belong to that period. In 1908 the Philadelphians, with Davies and Prendergast added to the group, known as "The Eight," had their first exhibition in New York; and in 1913 the same men, with others, promoted the famous Armory Show. In 1917, under Sloan's presidency, the Society of Independent Artists held its first show in New York, and in this year of grace it continues to bring to the public's attention young artists whose talents and ability would otherwise be neglected.

The date of the first etching in the Carnegie show is given as 1888, when Sloan was but seventeen years of age. The "Schuylkill River," done in 1894, is reminiscent of some of Rembrandt's etched landscapes. Before going to New York, Sloan had been one of the illustrators of Paul de Kock's novels. For this work he etched over fifty plates, which gave him the technical skill and control of the medium to go on with individual etchings. The etched portrait of Paul de Kock, done in 1904, is a sympathetic and quaint study that set a pace for the portraits of

Robert Henri and James B. Moore which followed shortly.

Then came a series of etchings in 1905 and 1906, including such famous ones as "Fifth Avenue Critics," "Turning out the Light," "Fun, One Cent," "Roofs, Summer Night," and "Connoisseurs of Prints." In the etchings of this period he turned to the life about him for his subjects. Someone very aptly pointed out that he moved neither in the sky nor in the gutter, but on the sidewalk. The joys, sorrows, tragedies, foibles, and everyday life of New York gave him his themes, and he presented them with an unflinching sympathy and gentle humor.

The subjects are so ordinary and commonplace that one is apt to neglect the skill with which he etched his plates. The design is so simple and the technique so adapted to his problem that the merit of the etching for its own sake is not immediately apparent. There is a feeling engendered by these prints that their author is a hater of pretense, cant, and injustice. He is never caustic or bitter. He is always understanding, humble before poor and weak humanity, and sympathetic toward life's comedy.

Edward Hopper has pointed out that



THE PICTURE BUYER

there has been no radical change in Sloan's work from the very start. He says: "It is consistent and of one piece: a characteristic which in some men is an indication of a personal vision so strong and urgent as to allow no time for bypaths. As an artist's technical equipment usually remains that which he acquired in his student days, so Sloan has taken what was at hand and found it sufficient."

Since 1906 John Sloan has made an average of five etchings a year. Many of them are part of the very life of America. Recently Mr. Sloan has concerned himself with the etching of the nude figure. Here he is frankly experimenting with economy of line and cross-hatching. Then after three years, in 1936, he returned to his etching with "Romany Marye in Christopher Street" and "Dolly Sloan."

John Sloan's work brings us face to face with a valiant soul who, with technical equipment, honesty, humor, understanding, personal vision, and humanity, gives us in a democratic medium his views of our time seen through his inner conviction.

The exhibition closes May 3.



FIFTH AVENUE CRITICS

AMERICA'S HEAVIEST VILLAIN

A Review of "Aaron Burr," by Holmes Alexander (Harpers)

IN all the welcome output of historical and biographical books that are now coming out of the publishing houses, this life of Aaron Burr is one of the best. It carries indeed a few faults of authorship. Mr. Alexander seems to have labored with some difficulty in getting his story started. He has attempted in his opening chapters to use a somewhat broad and flamboyant composition which is not free from confusion, and it is hard to overlook his absorption in unessential details to an extent that has made him forget to give us the date of his hero's birth. Then there are some questions of taste—particularly one in the last chapter—which we wish he had avoided by a more watchful care in his style. He makes Macbeth say (page 134), that he will "make assurance doubly sure" instead of "double sure"; and he falls into that easy slip of telling us that the Declaration of Independence states that "all men are born free and equal," when Jefferson wrote "created free," and stopped there. But these are errors of minor importance, and when, after a false start, he gets his boat out into the broad sea of narrative, the story goes on into one of the most dramatic productions that we have seen in a blue moon.



AARON BURR

From an engraving of a portrait by Gilbert Stuart

This book gives us, with unquestionable study and authority, a clear and factual description of the career of a man who was so politically resourceful that he became United States Senator from New York, defeating General Schuyler, who was the popular choice; that he tied Thomas Jefferson with seventy-three electoral votes for President of the United States; and, after holding the House of Representatives in a deadlock on a presidential choice for a fortnight, became Vice President; who was so jealous of rivalry that he killed the country's most brilliant citizen; so devoid of patriotism that he organized an insurrection which brought him to trial for treason; and so accomplished in the ways of an unconscionable scoundrel that he robbed his friends and misled their daughters whenever a cordial hospitality opened the door to his cynical and evil presence. There has always been an atmosphere of mystery and an aloofness of knowledge in the tradition of Aaron Burr, and popular opinion is astonishingly ill-informed concerning his pretentious but disgraceful career. But Mr. Alexander has now, with infinite labor and definite skill, pierced the mystery and enlightened our knowledge; and we have therefore a

book that covers its alluring subject and its historical period so comprehensively that it ought to be a first choice of every thoughtful reader.

Aaron Burr is America's heaviest villain. Benedict Arnold might be chosen by some persons for that distinction, but Arnold was merely a traitor, while Burr was so versatile in villainy that treason was but one of the many black arts which envelope his portraiture and evoke our wonder as we follow his romantic adventures to the bitter end.

He was born at Newark, New Jersey, February 6, 1756. His mother's father was Jonathan Edwards, a famous divine and Princeton University's first president. His father, Aaron Burr, was a Presbyterian clergyman, one of the founding trustees of Princeton, and its second president. Father and mother having moved to Princeton, both died during the infancy of their son and daughter, whose rearing was then committed to their uncle, Timothy Edwards. Young Aaron was an attractive boy, merry and wilful, and reluctant always to yield to the strict discipline of his uncle's guidance. But he was able to absorb with great ease the classical instruction that constituted a liberal education in those days, and at thirteen he entered Princeton, graduating at sixteen as one of its most brilliant students.

Attendance at a religious revival in this adolescent period attracted him for a brief moment of wavering ideas to follow his father's example and enter the ministry; but this desire gave place to a more pressing call to the study of the law, which was soon interrupted by the outbreak of the Revolution.

On the opening of hostilities, Burr entered the army and with the rank of captain was assigned to the command of Benedict Arnold—a striking coincidence which brought together under their country's flag the two most notorious traitors in American history. In the march to Canada with Arnold, Burr formed the acquaintance of Jacataqua, an Indian princess, who in time bore

him a son. In planning the attack on Quebec, Arnold had prepared to besiege the fortress, but Burr, always arrogant in advancing his opinions against those of his superiors, advised that the stronghold should be carried by an assault with himself in charge of the attacking troops. Arnold, an able soldier, rejected the idea as impracticable, and Burr, in wrath, left Canada without permission and made his way back to New York, where he prevailed on Washington to accept him on his staff as a colonel. It was not long before the youthful aide-de-camp imagined himself superior in military genius to the commander-in-chief, and his pertness of language made it necessary to transfer him to General Israel Putnam's staff. In a breach of discipline that soon occurred among the men under his command, Burr ordered the ringleader to step forward and, when the offending soldier stood before him, Burr drew his sword and struck off the man's left arm. Burr's health was impaired by the privations of the service and, instead of enduring the hardships of the camp as others did, he resigned from the army and resumed his law studies, being admitted soon as a member of the bar.

When twenty-six years old he married Theodosia Bartow Prevost, widow of a British officer, and ten years his senior. During the twelve years of married life that followed this union Burr was a devoted husband, and an affectionate father to their one child, Theodosia Burr.

He moved to New York a year after his marriage and was soon recognized as an able counsellor, sharing with his rival, Alexander Hamilton, the best part of the practice of the law in that city. He was an impressive pleader, but was said by one of his critics to be more remarkable for dexterity than sound judgment or logic. He earned a good income, but extensive speculations and spendthrift vices kept him poor.

Burr and Hamilton, meeting frequently as adversaries at the bar, soon

found themselves as antagonists in politics. Hamilton was the leader of a faction which had chosen his father-in-law, General Philip Schuyler, as a candidate for United States Senator from New York. Burr audaciously wanted the place for himself and, by using every form of chicanery and intrigue, he succeeded in winning the election in the State legislature. But when, six years later, he stood for reelection, his political record was found to be so full of underhand actions that he was defeated. He then strove for the governorship of New York, but here again he was rejected as unreliable and unworthy.

But the vanity and persistence of his character were so strong that defeat seemed only to feed his ambition. A society known as Tammany had recently been formed on its fundamental principle, as potent now as then, that politics is a business where graft will bring wealth and power; and Burr joined Tammany and declared himself a candidate for President of the United States. His opponent was Thomas Jefferson, and a spirited campaign was soon developed which brought these two men before the country for its highest office. Burr used his Tammany connections with great finesse to win New York; he came to Pittsburgh in a great effort to gain Penn-

sylvania; and by marrying his daughter to the profligate Joseph Alston, a wealthy politician from South Carolina, he was able, at one and the same time to borrow his son-in-law's money and secure the support of most of the Southern states for his candidacy.

The election of 1800 was duly held, Thomas Jefferson being the candidate of the old Republican party and Aaron Burr chosen by the Federalists; and it was found that the electoral votes were distributed in this way: Thomas Jefferson, 73; Aaron Burr, 73; John Adams, 65; Charles Pinckney, 64; John Jay, 1.

The election was thereupon thrown into the House of Representatives as required by the Constitution, and day after day the members voted, beginning their task on February 11, 1801, and ending it on the

thirty-sixth ballot on February 17, when Jefferson was chosen President and Burr, Vice President.

Burr was disappointed at the outcome, and his Tammany friends again advised him to run for Governor of New York; but when he followed this star he was again defeated, this time by the superior political power of Alexander Hamilton; and when the strife was over he had imbibed a hatred of Hamilton which was to end in a deliberate murder.



THE KILLING OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON

From a sketch by C. H. Stephens

One morning in the early summer of 1804 Burr sent an agent to Hamilton with a letter charging that he had been told that General Hamilton had uttered a despicable opinion of Burr, and demanding either its retraction or a duel. Hamilton was conscientiously opposed to dueling, yet he could not in all honesty retract a statement which had been seriously uttered in private conversation. He did, however, make a real effort to soften the asperity of his criticism. But Burr was implacable. It was clear that he had made up his mind to kill Hamilton and get him out of the way; while Hamilton on his part declared that he was accepting the challenge only as a matter of honor, and that he would fire into the air when the signal was given.

Before the two adversaries came together, a curious incident happened. Hamilton was aroused from sleep at an early hour one morning by a statement from his servant that Colonel Aaron Burr wanted to see him at the door. Throwing a robe around his shoulders, he went below and Burr told him that he was in financial straits and it was necessary for him to secure an immediate loan of \$10,000. While Hamilton was startled at this unusual request, he replied that as he was a director in two banks he would use his own credit to secure the loan if possible. Hamilton hoped that this service would open the way for an avoidance of the duel, but, strangely enough, Burr pushed the matter to an extent that made Hamilton feel, in the words of John Randolph, "like a sinking fox, pressed by a vigorous old hound, where no shift is permitted to avail him." Accordingly, the men met each other at Weehawken on the morning of July 11, 1804. Hamilton had made his will the night before and penned a pathetic farewell note to his wife, for he had been told that Burr was practicing every day with a pistol, by having a colored boy throw apples into the air, and then he would wheel suddenly and fire at these targets. When, in the duel, the word was given for the

men to turn about face, Hamilton pointed his weapon upward and fired, while Burr discharged his pistol with deadly accuracy, and the most precocious statesman of the American Revolution fell to the ground, mortally wounded. Hamilton died the next day and was buried in Trinity Churchyard in New York City, where I have many times visited his grave. On perceiving that his adversary was not dead, Burr's only comment was that he was disappointed, because he had intended to kill him instantly.

The people throughout the country were enraged at the sinister details of this duel, and as Burr was immediately indicted for murder, both in New York and New Jersey, he was forced to flee to Pittsburgh in order to avoid arrest. Stopping at no impudence, he begged President Jefferson to give him a diplomatic appointment, but his application was rejected with scorn. And it was at this moment that he enlarged in his mind a chimerical idea of organizing a great empire to be composed of French and Spanish possessions in the Louisiana Territory, the greater part of the states west of Pennsylvania, and the whole country of Mexico, with himself as Emperor. He explained his ambitious project to the English Minister at Washington and asked for the aid of the British fleet in bringing his dream into reality. He presented his claims so persuasively that the subject was actually discussed in the Foreign Office at London, and later was taken up by the French Government at Paris; and before the word of its rejection reached him, he had built nearly a hundred flatboats on the Ohio River and had begun to organize an expedition to go to New Orleans and set up his government.

At Blennerhassett Island, on the Ohio River just off the town of Marietta, lived Harman Blennerhassett, who had established his family in a colonial home of great beauty and magnificence. Burr assembled his river fleet at this point, and through his insidious power of impressing his schemes upon others,

he induced Blennerhassett to lose his whole fortune and to risk his liberty as a citizen in promoting these grandiose plans of empire. The expedition arrived in due time at New Orleans, and there Burr was arrested and returned to Richmond for trial before Chief Justice John Marshall, under an indictment charging him with treason against the Government of the United States.

At the opening of the trial Marshall defined before the jury the law of treason, as stated in the Constitution, as "an overt act of levying war." President Jefferson was much disturbed when he learned this decision, for he wanted Burr hanged; and he declared in the hearing of persons who carried his words to Marshall that "Burr's guilt is placed beyond question." Besides this direct interference with the prerogatives of the Supreme Court, President Jefferson intimated, in such a way as to have it reach Marshall's ears, that he would be disposed to impeach the Chief Justice if he permitted Burr to escape because of a strict interpretation of the Constitution. It is amazing to find that Thomas Jefferson, who for a hundred years has been acclaimed as the father of American democracy, could be so carried away by the power of his office that he would dare to dictate the decisions of the Supreme Court. But Marshall would not waver from the position he had taken, his ruling establishing the principle of liberty against tyranny for all time in the future, and as there had been no evidence presented by the Government that Burr had actually levied war, the jury acquitted him.

Upon his release, Burr went to England and, being without means, lived upon the charity of any persons whom his eloquent tongue could wheedle into a loan of money. His private life was profligate and vicious and he passed his days abroad in great hardship until he learned that he would be safe from arrest on account of the Hamilton duel, whereupon he returned to his native land. He attempted to regain his legal practice at the bar in New York, but

his name was held in such contempt that people avoided him everywhere, until one day a notorious woman called to see him about a minor question of law, and when he discovered that she was possessed of a handsome house, with many servants, and a good fortune, he married her. At the end of three months, however, she became so provoked at his continued amours that she obtained a divorce from him; and soon after, on September 14, 1836, at the age of eighty years, his ill-spent life came to an end, and he was buried at Princeton among members of his family who had won renown through their spiritual work in education and the ministry.

S. H. C.

AN EXHIBIT OF AFRICAN BIRDS

B RILLIANT colors and curious forms characterize the specimens of African birds placed on display temporarily in the Gallery of Birds in the Carnegie Institute. These are a representative selection from a number received last summer from the Reverend Jacob A. Reis Jr., an American missionary in Cameroon, West Africa, and a keen student of natural history. From time to time, for more than twenty years, he has collected birds for the Carnegie Museum and the total Cameroon collection at present consists of about five thousand specimens. The material recently acquired—approximately one thousand birds—comes mainly from the grassland area; much of it is new to the collection and supplements admirably the former series from tropical lowland and high mountain forests.

MAGAZINE INDEX

An index to Volume X (April 1936 through March 1937) has been prepared and will be sent without charge, upon request.

A TOAST TO LIBERTY

"The tempestuous sea of liberty—may it never be calm!"

—AMERICAN PATRIOTS, 1804

GIFT OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN L. PORTER

Painting by John F. Carlson Presented to the Carnegie Institute



THE painting, "Heavy Woods—Winter," by John F. Carlson has been presented to the permanent collection of the Carnegie Institute by Mr. and Mrs. John L. Porter. Vice President of the Board of Trustees and for many years a member of the Fine Arts Committee of the Carnegie Institute, Mr. Porter was the founder of the One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art and, until recently, the secretary and treasurer of that organization. Mrs. Porter was one of the initial subscribers to the Patrons Art Fund when it was established in 1922. They have acquired American paintings over a period of years, and "Heavy Woods—Winter" is one of the notable examples from their collection. Painted in 1916, the canvas is fifty-two inches in width and forty inches in height.

The scene is the Jersey woods near Plainfield and the foreground shows the edge of the woods on a late afternoon in winter. The sky, which forms the background, is a pleasing bluish green, the late afternoon sun casting lights and shadows over the whole scene.

The picture is done in the best tradition of impressionism. Selecting a mood of Nature that appeals to him and painting it with the great technical skill he commands, Mr. Carlson endeavors not so much to reveal himself, as to show the basic qualities of Nature as they present themselves to him. He is a realist, but his realism is heightened by his imagination.

John Fabian Carlson was born in Sweden in 1875 and came to America when he was eleven. Educated in the

public schools, he studied art at the Art Students League of Buffalo and New York City. He lives at Woodstock, New York, where he conducts the John F. Carlson School of Landscape Painting, of which he is the founder. Elected an Associate of the National Academy in 1911 and a National Academician in 1925, he has won numerous awards,

including the silver medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915, the Carnegie Prize of the National Academy of Design in 1918, the Ranger Fund Purchase Prize in 1923, and the Altman Prize for Landscape Painting in 1936, and is represented in many important museums in the United States and in numerous private collections.

OUR NEW MELLON NEIGHBOR

Inauguration of a Majestic Institution

THE new building of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research will be dedicated—in appreciation of its founders, Andrew W. Mellon and Richard B. Mellon—from May 5 to 9, with Edward R. Weidlein, Director since 1918, in charge, and Nobel laureates, famous scientists, and industrial leaders from distant corners of the globe attending its formal opening and taking part in the ceremonies.

Occupying most of a city block at Fifth and Bellefield Avenues, the new Institute replaces the building on the University of Pittsburgh campus where its work has been carried on for the past twenty-two years. The beauty and simplicity of classical Greece strikingly combined with a modern interior, and a border of majestic monolithic columns screening scores of busy research laboratories make the building outstanding among the city's most beautiful structures.

A modern temple of science, indeed, it is of Ionic style, built in the form of a Greek model known as a trapezoid, its total proportions approximately three hundred by four hundred feet, and the proportions of the three street façades nearly the same as the long lateral façade of the Parthenon on the Acropolis at Athens.

In preparing their designs, Janssen and Cocken, the architects, found that their problem was to produce a monu-

mental exterior, low and horizontal in proportion, and at the same time preserve a practical laboratory building. The Institute's requirements were equivalent to those of a large office building—or around 6,500,000 cubic feet of working space. To design a low building with an outside appearance that would be massive and yet beautiful, it was necessary to go down into the ground three extremely high stories. Thus the main entrance, reached by a graceful succession of steps, brings the visitor to the main doorway and lobby at the fourth-floor level. The interior of the building is modern in design and mechanical phases, yet well-equipped research laboratories will make possible not only additional research projects for specific industries, but also permit a considerable expansion of facilities and staff for research work in the pure sciences, chemistry, biology, and physics.

The Mellon Institute, its research staff comprising 155 scientists identified with 64 industrial fellowships, has been called "a guild of scientists woven into a team for the promotion of comprehensive, pure, and applied research on important problems of humanity." Its system of industrial fellowships as a partnership between science and industry is an outgrowth of an idea voiced in 1907 by Robert Kennedy Duncan, widely known professor at the Uni-

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

versity of Kansas, and a student and writer along scientific lines, who had established the first experimental fellowships there. In 1910 Dr. Duncan was invited to try out the partnership or fellowship idea in a special department of the University of Pittsburgh, and he began the first fellowships here the following year.

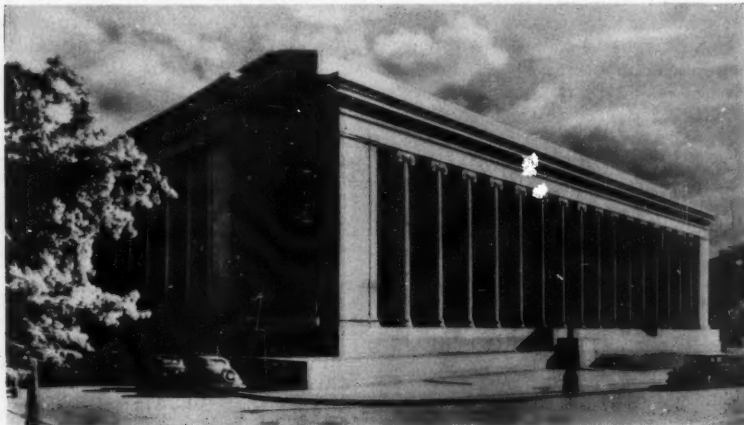
Andrew W. Mellon and Richard B. Mellon, those great leaders of a great America, saw in the system a practicable method of benefiting industry, and in 1913, founded the Mellon Institute at the University of Pittsburgh; later they placed the industrial fellowship system and pure research activities on a permanent basis.

In 1915 the Institute moved into a separate building at Thackeray Avenue and O'Hara Street, a memorial to Judge Thomas Mellon, father of the founders, and to Dr. Duncan, who had died the year before. Twenty-three fellowships were in operation at the time of this first inauguration, and although it was believed that the building would provide for expansion during an indefinite period, it was soon outgrown. A temporary building acquired in 1927 did not remedy the situation adequately.

In the twenty-six years since the Institute's founding, its 1,150 industrial

fellowships have served 3,600 companies, individually or as members of industrial associations. About 650 novel processes and products have been invented or developed by Fellows of the Institute and nearly 2,000 contributions to the literature of pure and applied science have resulted from these researches. In ten instances fellowship inventions have created new industries, and through many of their accomplishments new branches have been added to existing manufactures in a wide field of chemical technology. A total appropriation of \$11,478,406 has been made by fellowship donors, and over the same period, several millions more have been expended by the Mellon Institute itself to augment this work and build the fellowship system on a firm basis. In the meantime, an unestimated but great contribution has been turned back to the nation's business through the perfection of new technological processes, improvement of products, and the creation of new industries.

The inauguration of this majestic building opens a new and larger destiny to the march of science in its relation to the development of industry throughout the world, and wise benevolence could find no worthier object for the application of wealth to civilization.



THE NEW MELLON INSTITUTE



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



THE precious habit of giving received a gracious impetus the other day when a lady whose honored name is well known to our readers called upon the Gardener and gave him a check for \$5,000—"for some piece of work as a memorial that will fit into the scheme of your Museum plans." A conference was immediately arranged at which the project was sympathetically developed, but the nature of the object cannot be described until it is ready for dedication a few months hence, and the donor's name will then be given. A gift like that, coming almost out of the sky, is tremendously helpful and encouraging alike to the trustees and the officials in charge of the Museum's operation.

The Board of Public Education of Pittsburgh keeps up its noble cooperation in providing \$15,000 a year for the school children to make their visits to the Carnegie Institute in large or small groups every day. The teachers in charge of these classes arrange appointments by telephone, and when the children arrive they are met at the doors by hospitable members of the staff; and the objects illustrating painting, sculpture, architecture, and natural history are explained to them in ways that develop their imagination and inform their minds. And Shakespeare's school-boy, who crept like a snail unwillingly to school, is not the kind of boy—or girl either—who troops through these enchanted halls, absorbing knowledge and culture in all the gayety of happy life. In 1936 the total attendance of school children at the Carnegie Institute under these plans was 59,728.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology has received two gifts of money for its 1946 Endowment Fund. That loyal and generous night student, Edward E. McDonald, a frequent visitor to the Garden of Gold, sends a check for \$25. Every time Mr. McDonald gives this

sum it immediately triples itself and becomes \$75, because the Carnegie Corporation of New York has agreed to give \$8,000,000 if our friends will raise \$4,000,000, all of which will constitute a new endowment of \$12,000,000. There is no other Garden of Gold in the world that will, as this one does, increase every gift threefold on the instant of its planting.

Then, there came another man—a nameless man—into the Garden of Gold with a gift of \$100, which, in the twinkling of an eye, enlarged itself to \$300, because of this New York arrangement of two for one. The Gardener is always there to receive these gifts, which grow up with the rapidity of Jack-the-Giant-Killer's beanstalk; and he hopes to meet many friends bearing these magic contributions in the near future. Just try this pleasant act of planting a hundred dollars in the Garden of Gold and watch how it triples itself before one can say, "Jack Robinson!"

When the total of these sums, \$20,125, is added to the \$2,367,327.10 reported in the March Garden of Gold, the grand total of gifts acknowledged in the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* since its beginning is \$2,387,452.10.

THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY

The people of all countries are pacific, and bear nothing but good will to each other. Where ill will has grown it is the work of hereditary rulers and military classes, not responsible to the masses. From the jealousies and personal ambitions of these, the people are happily free, and hence from their advent to power there must come a rapid diversion of force from international war into the peaceful channels of industrial development. The reign of the Democracy means ultimately nothing less than the reign of peace on earth, among men of goodwill.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

THE POWER OF BRIBERY

Even the gods are moved by gifts.

—EURIPIDES, "Medea"

SAMUEL ROSENBERG, PITTSBURGH ARTIST

THREE years ago the Carnegie Institute adopted the plan of honoring contemporary artists of Western Pennsylvania by presenting annually an exhibition of paintings by an outstanding artist in a comprehensive way that would attract the attention of the community to its distinguished painters and make possible an appraisal of their position among their fellow artists. In 1935 the exhibition was by Malcolm Parcell, and in 1936 by the late John Kane. This year Samuel Rosenberg has been given the one-man show.

Samuel Rosenberg was born in Philadelphia in 1896, coming to Pittsburgh when he was eleven years of age. He studied art at the Carnegie Institute of Technology—from which he was graduated—and at the National Academy of Design.

When he was only seventeen he began to exhibit with the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh and in 1917, when he was twenty-one, was given Second Honor, winning since then practically every important award offered by the Association, including its Carnegie Institute Prize in 1935 and the First Honor and Prize of the Association in 1936. He has shown in national exhibitions at the Corcoran Gallery, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Museum of Modern Art, and was represented in the 1920, 1925, 1933, 1935,

and the 1936 Carnegie Internationals.

Mr. Rosenberg is not only a creative artist, but he has contributed much to the training of others. He was the founder and for eleven years directed the art school at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement. As an assistant professor in the department of architecture at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, he teaches drawing; and he conducts classes in painting at the Young Men and Women's Hebrew Association of Pittsburgh.

The exhibition consists of thirty paintings and illustrates Mr. Rosenberg's work from 1921 to the present time. Most of the pictures have been done within the past five years, but there is a sufficient number of earlier paintings to show the way the artist has come and the steps by which he has arrived. There is a continuity to his work but he has not been afraid of experimentation. Influenced at various times by different masters, he has slowly but surely worked out his own individual style. And the end of his search is not yet, for somewhere he has said: "I abhor the artist who always works by his own pet formula. So far as creating a personal style is concerned, artists can do that when they are old."

His art is democratic, and, very properly, Mr. Rosenberg has found most of his subjects in his own community. He is probably the most indigenous of Pittsburgh artists, and it is, therefore,



CHRISTIAN WALTER



EVICTION

natural that with his ability he is able to depict the life of the community with keen interest, feeling, and sympathy.

That Samuel Rosenberg learned the foundations of the art of painting is indicated in his sensitive portrait of Christian Walter, which was painted in 1921 and is the earliest of his paintings in the exhibition. The figure is well posed, painted with distinction and a fine sense of tonal values, and so placed as to fill the canvas adequately.

With his thorough background, disclosed in this portrait, Mr. Rosenberg proceeded to build on the fundamentals and to experiment, looking toward the development of a more personal idiom. The next picture in point of time is "Joseph," done in 1928 and painted with simplicity and an excellent sense of form. In "Gold Gown," painted in 1929, he was occupied with solidity and perspective. In this picture he used a more cheerful palette, and he began to display the luminous color scheme which appears to great advantage in some of his later paint-

ings. In "Around the Corner," "Student," and "My Friend Twiggs," he continued the experimentation with forms by means of planes which reached a climax further on in the important composition, "Side Show."

Turning aside from figures for a time, he found his theme in the extraordinary geological formation of Pittsburgh that has given it more hills than Rome. "Soho" is a canvas in which he first displayed his intense interest in the surface quality of houses; "Gazzen Hill" is a painting of integrated design, in which dilapidated homes are made to cling, as it were, to the fortress-like hills; "Man-Made Desert" is another Pittsburgh scene, impressive in its utter desolation and dismal atmosphere.

The artist has now reached the point where he feels more sure of himself. His painting takes on more human interest and greater paint values in such canvases as "Watermelon Market," "God's Chillun," "Farmer and His Wife," "Side Show," and "Fruit Seller." When he returns to his Hill District landscapes, as he does in "Cats Alley," "Sunday Afternoon," "Autumn in Pittsburgh," and "Monday Morning," he creates a mood which lifts tenement scenes above the commonplace and gives them a dignity all their own. "Eviction," which belongs to



CATS ALLEY



SIDE SHOW

this period and group, is a painting intriguing in its pattern, rich in its tones, and moving in its theme of human tragedy, or, perhaps, human comedy. "Settlement on the Hudson," which was Mr. Rosenberg's contribution to the 1936 International, shows a more ambitious step in the development of his personal style.

The exhibition comes to a close chronologically with the canvases, "Windy Day," "Winter," "Old Tire Shop," and "Coming from School." In these he uses a broader brush stroke and a stronger but less evident element of design.

Pittsburghers have watched with interest Mr. Rosenberg's development as a painter, and they welcome this survey of his artistic career which the exhibition offers. It reveals a painter of sound technical equipment who has been willing to push forward the frontier of his painting. He makes it expressive of himself and of his time. He dares to select subjects that appeal to his creative impulse, and he paints them in a manner that elevates them above the

ordinary experiences of life. His paintings have vitality and integrity. They show good craftsmanship and creative imagination. They bear the mark of an individual style that is rich in resources and in inventive qualities.

The exhibition will continue through April 25.

J. O'C. JR.

(Continued from page 2)

solely as a humorous way of tapering off the serious discussion that preceded it. It was all in fun.

Not even President Roosevelt, with a packed Supreme Court, would put 17,000,000 of his conservative fellow citizens in jail in one month. So there is no slur on our President. And I am comforted by your declaration that you, as one of Mr. Roosevelt's supporters, would not lead your own aid in putting the rest of us in concentration camps.

And then this came:

DEAR CARNEGIE:

A thousand apologies for losing my sense of humor! I shall remember this and be a little less hasty. Perhaps I did lose it because I have discovered so much bitterness of late among the Supreme Court supporters that I supposed the bitterness was in your editorial. Thank you very warmly for your generous letter in answer to my criticism.

—H. A. OVERSTREET



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

A Review of Philip Barry's "Hotel Universe"

BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology



Beach or Cannes or skiing at Kitzbühel at a season of the year when most of us are tied to our jobs. They are not worried about making a living; they seem blissfully free from ordinary responsibilities and "fleece the time carelessly (if idiotically) as they did in the golden world."

Mr. Barry's two most successful plays from a box-office standpoint, "Paris Bound" and "Holiday," were witty comedies—and wise ones too—in which the foibles of his chosen class were handled with a deft, light touch and a delightful feeling for natural, inconsequential dialogue. It is true that before "Hotel Universe" he had given us a dream play, "In a Garden," and a charming fantasy, "White Wings," in which he momentarily forsook his *haut monde* for a humbler one.

The scene for "Hotel Universe" is laid on the terrace of a villa in the south of France and gives us characters belonging to Barry's usual milieu. They are Ann Field and her six guests, but the guests, instead of being outwardly gay and irresponsible as in the earlier comedies, are all six steeped in gloom and at least two of them are on the verge of suicide. Each has had some devastating

experience that has warped his or her life, and it seems that there is no way by which equilibrium can be restored. Incidentally, none of them appears to have a job, or even a hobby, to divert his mind—however temporarily—from his unhappy state, and consequently they are free to wallow to their heart's content in misery.

The opening scene is one of the best in the play: the airless southern night, the tinkle of a piano from a neighboring villa, the feeling of waiting for a train—some of the guests are traveling north at midnight—and the desultory conversation of people who feel that everything has been said except the important things that each one knows will never be said. All this atmosphere is clearly and sensitively suggested by the author and loses nothing of its quality on the stage under the sympathetic direction of E. W. Hickman.

But there is one character who is not present in the opening scene—the *deus ex machina*—Ann's father. Mr. Field is a distinguished physicist whom the world considers mad, but whom the author, with that partiality that authors usually show for their lunatics, implies is gifted with a wisdom beyond the wisdom of this world. Mr. Field has not been seen by his daughter's guests but roams the country at night accompanied by—of all things—a white rooster. This companionable fowl does not make a personal appearance, but his symbolical cock-a-doodle-doo is heard as the curtain falls. When Mr. Field finally does appear, he is enveloped in a weird green light, and the audience is hereby warned that here is more-than-meets-the-eye and they must prepare themselves for any lurking allegory that

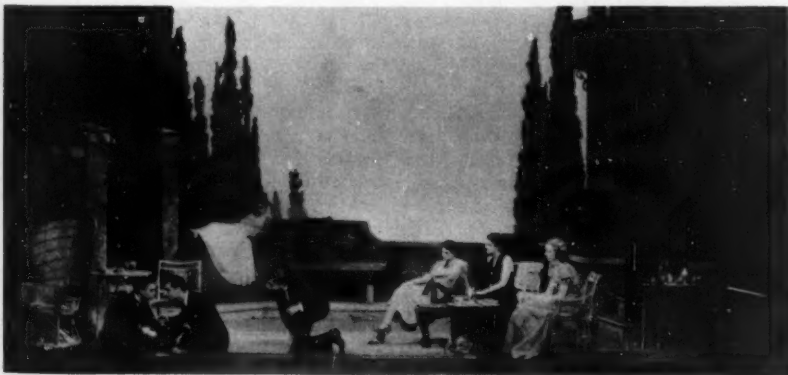
may spring out upon them. They are not disappointed for, one by one, the guests are taken in hand by the mysterious gentleman and made to face again the past experiences that have warped their lives. Mr. Field becomes in turn—do not ask me how—the drunken and disreputable parent of the young actress, Lily Malone, who is suffering from a father complex; the boyhood confessor of the Catholic Tom Ames, who has lost his faith; the first Jewish employer of Norman Rose, now a prosperous banker. Pat Farley, who has a girl's suicide on his conscience and is contemplating his own, is led back into an earlier love affair with Ann Field. There are two other guests whose lives, I think, are also straightened out; at all events all are released from their fixations and complexes, and the curtain which rose on six baffled and unhappy people falls on the same six seeing their way clear once more.

It may be that I have not given a fair, or even a correct, account of what takes place in "Hotel Universe," but as soon as a character appears with a green light on him—unless, of course, he is a nice, forthright ghost like Hamlet's father—I know that my pedestrian imagination is not going to be equal to the occasion.

I suppose that Mr. Barry's message is that by facing, and in a manner re-

living, the warping past in the light of more adult experience, we make for a more wholesome present. But how can this be done without the assistance of Mr. Field? The author seems to suggest that it may be done by intense make-believe. For instance, there is a scene in the first act in which Ames and Farley pretend that they are two small boys and become so engrossed in their impersonations that the scene ends in an explosion of boyish anger and a real fight between the two grown men. But the message is hazy, to say the least, and the mysticism sentimental. A lot of talk about Life and Death and the Great Forever does not necessarily make a play profound; it may make it heavily platitudinous.

There are sufficient reminders of the author of "Holiday" in "Hotel Universe" to make us feel our loss of the earlier Barry. The conversational tone of the leisured class, which he catches better than anybody writing for the stage, and the few glimpses of his wit that he allows us in "Hotel Universe" are as fresh and spontaneous as ever. No one but Philip Barry could have written the delightful scene between the two men momentarily changed into boys. But the sermon that he has set himself to preach is so ponderous that his charming qualities are almost choked out of existence, and we have, as a



SCENE FROM PHILIP BARRY'S "HOTEL UNIVERSE"—STUDENT PLAYERS

result, a kind of third-rate Strindberg instead of a first-rate Philip Barry.

Of the present performance, I hardly feel myself qualified to speak. So much of the time I knew so little what the characters were supposed to be doing that I cannot say whether they did it well or badly. Pat Farley and Lily Malone seemed to manage their almost continuous crises de nerfs well. Ann Field, who is almost normal by comparison, gave a nice gentle performance. The languid Alice Kendall was amusing before she began to walk in her sleep and reveal her soul. I liked the placid Hope Ames, perhaps because she was so placid. As for the supernatural Mr.

Field, he was asked to be so many different characters in such quick succession that David Garrick himself could hardly have given a satisfactory performance of the part. The unfortunate young actor to whom it was assigned was overweighted.

My favorite character was Felix, the butler, who announced the time half-hourly in excellent French; I hope he wasn't a symbol for anything.

Lloyd Weninger's moonlit terrace, with its dark cypresses, made a handsome and suggestive background for all the mysterious goings on, and George Kimberly's skillful lighting did much to increase the borderland feeling.

CARNEGIE TECH'S OPEN HOUSE

ON the evening of April 30, for the thirty-first time since its founding, the Carnegie Institute of Technology will throw open its doors to the people of Pittsburgh in order that they may see the many interesting fields of training that are offered. For the most part they will see students engaged in their usual class duties, but many exhibitions have been planned especially for the occasion, beginning with a dress parade on the campus by the R.O.T.C. at 7:00 o'clock, the Kiltie Band playing and giving a short outdoor concert after the parade. The various studios, laboratories, and shops will be open at 7:30 P.M.

In the Engineering buildings many of the tools of science may be seen at work, for instance, models of rivers and dams used in flood-control studies will be found in the hydraulics laboratory, and a polarization wheel that effectively demonstrates the use of polarized light will be in operation in one of the physics laboratories. Short-wave radio fans will be interested in the Tech station in Engineering Hall, and in Machinery Hall aviation enthusiasts may see model airplanes tested in the wind tunnel.

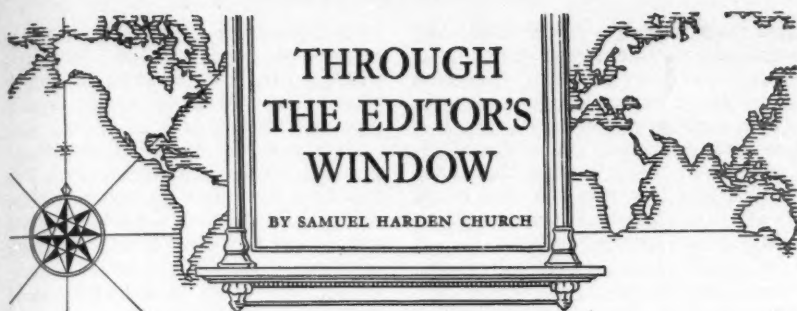
In the masonry shop of the Industries building a model home—designed,

built, and decorated by students—will be on display. Elsewhere in this building visitors may see students at work in the engineering shops, and in the completely equipped printing department. In the psychology department those of inquiring mind may test their reaction time, and see the apparatus used in visual education courses.

In the Theater of the College of Fine Arts, students in the departments of drama and music will present short plays and musical recitals.

At 8:30 o'clock the department of costumeconomics will present a fashion review in the men's gymnasium, in which forty students of the department will wear costumes that they themselves designed and made as part of the regular costume course. The review will feature a "five-year plan" showing suitable costumes for many occasions in a young girl's life, from her high-school commencement to her wedding.

Demonstrations of other departments of the Margaret Morrison Carnegie College will include cooking and nutrition classes, social work projects, exhibits of specimens of animals and plants in the biological laboratories, and classes in typewriting and business methods.



AN INCOMPETENT ADMINISTRATION

IN his latest fireside talk to the American people President Roosevelt made an amazing confession of the failure of his administration. After having received from an indeliberate and servile Congress powers of dictation and control which had never been granted to any of his predecessors, he warned the people that the breakdown of economic forces which occurred in 1929 was going to be repeated, "not in a month or two, but in a year or two." And he then demanded that Congress should enable him to avert this final disaster by new legislation through which he would pack the Supreme Court with six justices who would obey his will, and thereby give him the uncontrolled power to remake the Government of the United States.

Those of us who made Mr. Roosevelt President in 1932 regarded him as a man equipped with superior wisdom and courage to lead a bewildered nation to a new and higher ground where we would find a permanent prosperity based upon justice and the law. But we were quickly disenchanted, for he immediately surrounded himself with a cabinet of mediocre men; and back of his cabinet he assembled a group of dreamers, to whose delusive counsels he gave more than cabinet consideration.

His first grave error was his astounding act of taking the country off the gold standard, changing the price of gold from its ancient rate of \$20.67 an

ounce to an unexplained rise of \$35 an ounce, and giving us an unsecured paper currency which now has no basis of value beyond the credit of a government whose unexampled extravagance has already lowered its credit below par. The Supreme Court met this debasement of the currency with justifiable wrath, but permitted it to go through, although with undisguised reprehension, because of the fear that its direct disapproval would produce a financial upheaval.

Then came his NRA enactment which regimented all labor throughout the country under one scheme of hours and wages with no regard whatever to local conditions or the nature of the work itself. Committees were appointed in all cities to exercise control over this law, and at Pittsburgh the committee was comprised of nine men, three of whom represented labor, three industry, and three the public. I was chosen in this latter group, and was for a time the chairman of the committee. It was not long before we found that the NRA was unworkable and unjust because it inevitably crushed the small business man out of existence. For example, we summoned before us a man who, after serving his trade as a waiter, had saved his money and opened two restaurants employing sixty-two helpers whose pay on staggered hours ranged from nine to forty-five dollars a week. When the requirements of the law were explained to him he said, "Very well, gentlemen, I will do as you command, but in sixty

days my restaurants will be closed, my employees will be on the street, and I shall be once more a waiter." And even so it came to pass.

The Supreme Court threw out this law by a unanimous decision, but the President has made it clear that when he gets his "yes men" on that bench he will send them a new statute which will put all business in chains.

When agricultural prices fell, his evil counsellors obtained his permission for a piece of destruction which had never been heard of in the history of mankind. They killed millions of livestock and burned up and plowed under huge crops which should have been sold or given to our people for food. When the ruinous futility of this policy confronted them with a famine, in great trepidation they ordered all farm producers to strive mightily for a maximum harvest; and the President, forgetful of the wanton devastation of his policy, complained that it was due to the obtuseness of the Supreme Court that a third of our population is being underfed.

When better times began to return, labor naturally resolved to regain its share of the renewed prosperity; and wages were increased to a point which had never before been attained in any part of the world. Then came John L. Lewis with his ambition to make himself the dictator of labor, with a goal that, according to his friends, held the White House as its objective. Mr. Lewis was not content to let wages take their rapidly rising course, but by organizing a new labor movement he strove to gather all workmen into a common fold with himself as their gentle shepherd and the custodian of their weekly dues. This aim could be accomplished only by a nation-wide series of strikes; and a new method—the sit-down strike—was devised to make this revolution effective. The agitation of the sit-down strike swept through the country. Industrial institutions, great and small, were seized by Mr. Lewis' minority groups, the owners and managers of the various properties

were ejected from their offices, and a system of banditry was developed whereby Mr. Lewis must be recognized as the sole bargaining power, or else production would cease.

Here was the point at which an anxious and alarmed nation looked to President Roosevelt to restore public order and the reign of law. He had just sent a telegram to those who were celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of Grover Cleveland's birth, in which he had acclaimed Mr. Cleveland for his superb courage.

Mr. Cleveland's courage, in part, as everyone knows, had manifested itself in putting an end to the lawlessness and destruction of the Chicago strike and bringing the subject under legal control. Would President Roosevelt follow Mr. Cleveland's example? He would not. Mr. Lewis made an audacious statement that he had been the largest contributor to Mr. Roosevelt's campaign fund, with the understanding that labor should, through him, assert its rights; and like Mephistopheles with the helpless Faust, he now claimed his bargain. In the darkest hour of the Detroit outrages, Miss Perkins, the President's Secretary of Labor, made the sinister and incendiary declaration that it had not at all been established that the sit-down strikes were unlawful. At that critical moment Mr. Roosevelt could have done one of two things. He could—and should—have demanded the instant resignation of Miss Perkins. That would have ended the trouble, and killed the whole sit-down movement. The second course was to let her anarchistic statement go out as the President's opinion; and this he chose to do.

The next day, inspired by the attitude of the Washington administration, the Detroit strikers seized the hotels in that city, and their spokesman at the Statler Hotel made them this address, as quoted in the New York Times of March 25:

"You have nothing to fear from the police or from the courts. The President and the Governor of Michigan are

back of you. The food here is yours. Any room you wish to occupy is yours. The bar belongs to you. The President wants you to have the good things of life. He supports the poor of this country in taking what belongs to them."

That looks as though Mr. Lewis is closing his bargain with a vengeance! Here is the image of himself which Mr. Roosevelt has impressed on the mind of labor. And we have only to turn our eyes toward Spain to foretell what the gathering clouds will bring when they burst on America. Mr. Farley, Senator Robinson, and Senator Guffey will point with cynical irritation to the 27,000,000 votes that were given to Mr. Roosevelt as a mandate to play at ducks and drakes with the American people. But let us look at this vote for a moment. The Republican candidate had 17,000,000 votes, and Mr. Roosevelt held the normal strength of his party, including the Solid South, all of which is just about the same as the Landon vote, or 17,000,000. In addition to the normal vote, however, Mr. Roosevelt had 10,000,000 of unemployed and unemployable people who naturally caressed the hand that fed them. But it is our belief that President Roosevelt has so astoundingly undermined the confidence of the country that his normal vote has shrunk away from him, and that he has discredited his own administration to such an extent that if an election were held today he would be overwhelmingly defeated by any candidate who would oppose his dictatorial ambitions.

But he has three more years in the presidency with a conscience unrestrained by anything but his own wayward will. What are we to do? Public opinion exerting its force upon Congress is the only hope of an imperiled and betrayed nation. And with that persistent protest there should be presented a constructive plan of procedure to liquidate the Roosevelt mistakes and build up the confidence of the nation.

We should restore the gold standard immediately, with gold once more at its future-stabilizing value of \$20.67 an

ounce, and let it go into circulation as before. This would avert the coming cataclysm of Mr. Roosevelt's bonded inflation. We should repeal the silver purchase act, which has paralyzed our trade with China and Mexico; and we should issue a silver currency based upon the stock of that metal now in the Treasury. We should balance the budget by dissolving the government bureaus of hundreds of thousands of useless employees. A year ago I was asked to make a speech before a Congressional committee on the subject of the radio. The meeting was held in the new Commerce Building, said to be the largest office building in the world. As I walked through miles of corridors, seeking that room, I saw hundreds of men and women playing at work; and at a certain point one man hailed me by name, and I asked him what he was doing. "Why," said he, "do you remember that crazy Roman emperor who was busy all the time—Caligula—but busy catching flies? Well, that's what we are all doing here." He went on to say that he and his group of fifty helpers had been given a hard job a month ago of analysing certain reports; that the work had been painstakingly done; but that when he had only yesterday taken his consolidated report to his chief, he had been told to chuck it away in a drawer, and do something else of the same worthless kind. In other words, these bureaus are used by the politicians to get their constituents on the public pay rolls; and their work is of the same wasteful nature as the work of the WPA people who come to our houses to ask how many rooms we have and whether we have radios.

Balance the budget! Stop every kind of direct relief and every kind of relief work, putting these humanitarian obligations back on the states, the cities, the churches, where they should have been kept from the start.

Repeal that act of confiscating corporate surpluses, by which the President has torn away the safeguards of American business when calamities occur.

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Meet the labor situation by saying good-by to John L. Lewis, and calling upon the captains of business to go on with their company unions, making these groups effective by having the workmen choose two representatives from each company who shall be elected members of the board of directors and given places on the executive committees, to the end that the men shall be familiarized with the income statements and balance sheets of their employers, and shall direct the constant improvement of hours, recreation, and working conditions.

FREE LECTURES

DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

LECTURE HALL AT 8:15 P.M.

MAY

- 3—"German Art and the Gothic Spirit," by Helen Appleton Read.
- 19—"Art That Belongs to the People," by Forbes Watson. (Illustrated).

RADIO PROGRAMS

CARNEGIE MUSEUM AND DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

Every Thursday Evening at 5:45 over KDKA

APRIL

- 22—"In the Days of the Coal Swamps," by John J. Burke, Paleontologist, Section of Vertebrate Paleontology, Carnegie Museum.
- 29—"Insects Affecting Human Health," by Harold Howland, Graduate Assistant, University of Pittsburgh.

MAY

- 6—"Spices—From What and from Where," by Edward H. Graham, Assistant Curator of Botany, Carnegie Museum.
- 13—"Condiments—From What and from Where," by O. E. Jennings, Curator of Botany and Director of Education, Carnegie Museum.

CARNEGIE TECH

Every Saturday afternoon through May 8 at 1:30 P.M. over WCAE and the Mutual Broadcasting Company. The student symphony of the Music Department will play, with J. Vick O'Brien conducting and Carl Dozer announcing.

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